

for a lengthy period
and as I did each morning
the screams of a young woman would
begin in the house across the way.
she sounded truly in agony and then
I'd wait
and out of the house and down her
garden path would come this
blonde long hair flying
breasts loosening out of her morning
gown
slipperless tender white feet
this body rumpling and breaking through her
silk pink gown or her silk blue gown or her
silk purple gown (whichever she was wearing
that morning) and her eyes would be holy and
demented
the breasts so much like explosives ready to
go off she'd run at my car screaming and then
the words would form:
"GET THAT FUCKING HUNK OF SHIT, GET THAT
EYESORE, THAT FARTING, BELCHING MACHINE
OFF OF THIS STREET! GET IT OUT OF HERE,
DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU FUCKING FRANKENSTEIN!"

such beauty! never on stage or on the screen
or through the tube had I ever seen such.

and driving away
looking back through the rearview mirror
I would see her bending twirling jumping
flouncing
pulling at her hair while screaming her
head would fall back.

and she did it every morning until
the other lady (whose house I left each
morning) and I separated our relation-
ship.

I didn't miss the other lady but a day
or two
but that girl of the hills who
disliked me and my automobile so much
that one took me a little more time
to get over,
if I have.

BLACK

my first wife was from Texas and we came
to L.A. to live
she came from money and I came from
some place else.

our 2nd. day in town
we had to drive down Vermont avenue
to get her some art supplies
and as I was tooling my eleven year old
car south
a man rolled past in a nine year old
car:
"hey, baby," he hollered out the window,
"what's happening, baby?"
"nothing much happenin', baby," I hollered
back, "I'm just trying to make
it!"

as we stopped for a signal at
Beverly
a man on the corner saw me
he was standing in a broad-brim
pull-down
and wearing long leather boots:
"hank, baby, where'd you get the
blonde gash, man?"
"she's my mark, man, I'm hanging,
you know...."
I put it into low and pulled
off.
"listen," my first wife said
nasally,
"how come you know all these black
guys?"
"it's easy, baby, I've worked with them
on all the gigs, you know. like
natural."

she didn't answer and when we got
to the art store
she was very upset
about the brushes
the quality of the paper
the paints weren't what she
wanted
the selectivity was
nil.

she was unhappy

I stood there and noticed her
beautiful ass and her very long
blonde hair.

I walked over to the picture frame
section
picked up an 8 and one half by
eleven
stared through the space of
it
and let her
work it out.